steps lead down from the mansions to the waters, and each great prince has his own particular flight or ghat. Thus there is Scindia's Ghat, and next to It Holkar's Ghat, and so on ; and all the ghats are thronged with thousands of pilgrims, who have travelled for months, and in some cases for years, from the plains of the south, and from the mountain villages of the Himalayas, to bathe In the sacred river. No other city in the whole world commands such love, such reverence, such devotion. The ghats are a dream of colour, I have travelled much in the Far West, as well as in the East, I have seen many stately pageants, many scenes in which men and women have donned their bravest and their best, but never have *I* seen such a galaxy of hues, such a kaleidoscope of colour as the dresses of the pilgrims present. All the colours of the rainbow—and many that the rainbow apparently has not—are there, ever changing, ever shifting, with dazzling effect.

And beside some high-born Hindu lady, who has broken her purdah for the pilgrimage, and who comes timidly down the ghat in her sari of pink or sea-green or orange, hard by you will see the ascetic clad in rags, the man whose

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